

3



# FRONTLINE™

A MARVEL COMICS® EVENT

## CIVIL WAR™

JENKINS

BACHS

LIEBER

WEEKS

AJA

WATSON



# CIVIL WAR FRONT LINE #003

# 70 YEARS OF MARVEL COMICS

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70 YEARS  
MARVEL  
COMICS



"THERE ARE NONE  
SO BLIND AS THOSE  
WHO WILL NOT *SEE*."



MY GRANDMA  
USED TO  
SAY THAT.

WHICH WAS  
*FUNNY*.



STEP OUT OF THE VAN  
SLOWLY, MISS FLOYD. THE  
GROUND IS APPROXIMATELY  
TWENTY INCHES BELOW  
YOUR FEET.

ONCE THERE,  
MOVE TO THE  
CURB AND  
WAIT.



BECAUSE SHE  
COULDN'T SEE  
BEYOND THE END  
OF HER NOSE.



GRANDMA FLOYD WAS A GREAT INSPIRATION TO ME. SHE WAS A HIDEOUS, HATEFUL OLD BAG, AS I RECALL.

I REMEMBER SHE DISLIKED GERMANS, MEXICANS, MUTANTS, REPUBLICANS, DEMOCRATS AND THE POSTMAN. SHE HAD A PARTICULAR THING FOR SUPER-POWERED PEOPLE IN COSTUMES.

I RESOLVED AT AN EARLY AGE TO RESPECT AND ADMIRE THESE PEOPLE JUST TO ANNOY HER.

MIND YOU, THIS SHE WOULD HAVE LOVED.





I WANT TO THANK EACH OF YOU FOR GRANTING ME THIS INTERVIEW. SERIOUSLY. I KNOW IT MUST HAVE BEEN A DIFFICULT DECISION.

I PROMISE, NOTHING SAID HERE WILL BE ATTRIBUTED DIRECTLY TO YOU UNLESS YOU SPECIFICALLY REQUEST IT--

HOW DO WE KNOW THAT?



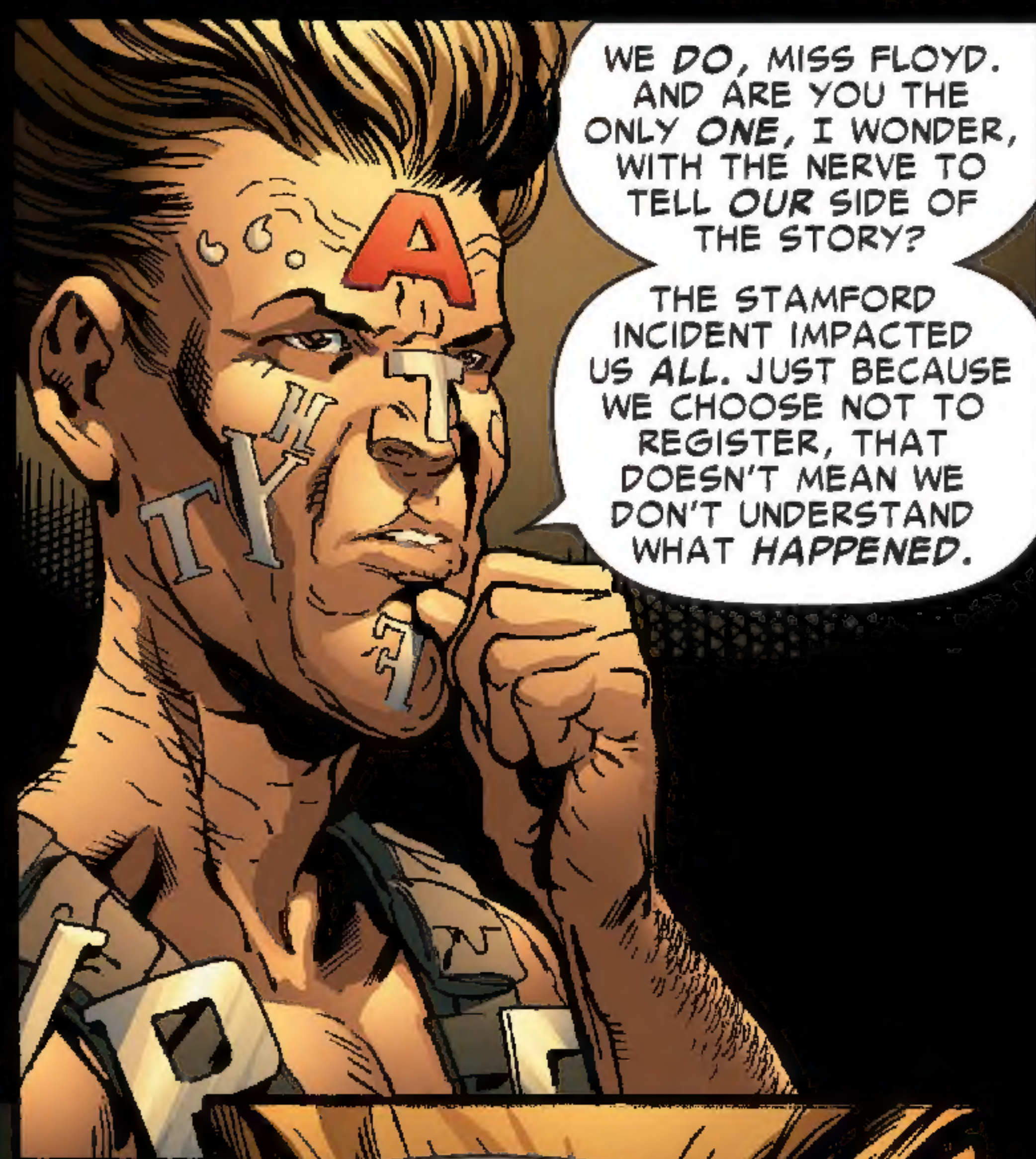
NO OFFENSE, MISS FLOYD. SOLO HASN'T QUITE MASTERED THE "TEAM DYNAMIC" THING YET.

WE HAD A VOTE, AN' WE'RE ONLY GONNA LET HIM OUT ON ALTERNATE FRIDAYS.



NO PROBLEM... I UNDERSTAND COMPLETELY. AND HONESTLY, SOLO, I DON'T BLAME YOU FOR BEING PARANOID RIGHT NOW.

BUT MY INTENTION IS NOT TO RAT YOU OUT TO THE AUTHORITIES. I BELIEVE MY RECORD SPEAKS FOR ITSELF. YOU KNOW HOW I WORK.



WE DO, MISS FLOYD. AND ARE YOU THE ONLY ONE, I WONDER, WITH THE NERVE TO TELL OUR SIDE OF THE STORY?

THE STAMFORD INCIDENT IMPACTED US ALL. JUST BECAUSE WE CHOOSE NOT TO REGISTER, THAT DOESN'T MEAN WE DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT HAPPENED.



SO THIS IS THE NEW WORLD ORDER FOR COSTUMED VIGILANTES: EVERYONE BELONGS TO A CLUB NOW?

WE'VE HEARD THERE IS AN UNDERGROUND FORMING...A RESISTANCE OF SOME KIND. WE DON'T KNOW WHERE YET, BUT IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE WE MAKE CONTACT.



WE'LL FIND THEM JUST AS WE'VE FOUND EACH OTHER, AND WE'LL GO ON.

YOU CAN'T STEAL FREEDOM FROM SOMEBODY'S HEART, MISS FLOYD.



TYPEFACE: A.K.A. GORDON THOMAS. KNOWN TO THE AUTHORITIES. CURRENTLY UNDER SUSPICION OF ARSON.

WHY ALIGN YOURSELF WITH AN ANTI-REGISTRATION GROUP IF YOU'VE ALREADY GIVEN UP THE IDENTITY YOU WANTED TO PROTECT? SAFETY IN NUMBERS, MISTER THOMAS?

I FOUGHT OVERSEAS FOR MY COUNTRY, MISS FLOYD. DO YOU THINK I SERVED SO THAT LIBERTY COULD BECOME JUST A HOLLOW PROMISE HERE AT HOME?

TIMOTHY MCVEIGH ALSO FOUGHT FOR HIS COUNTRY. SURELY THE PUBLIC HAS A RIGHT TO SOME KIND OF PROTECTION--

WE CAN'T CHANGE THE RULES EVERY TIME SOMETHING EXPLODES. IF WE DID, THE PEOPLE WITH THE BOMBS WOULD WIN.

AND WHILE I LIVE, TERROR DIES!

I WATCHED MY BROTHER JOEY PERISH ON COLD, FOREIGN SAND, MISS FLOYD. HE SACRIFICED HIS LIFE FOR MY FIRST AMENDMENT RIGHT TO FREEDOM OF SPEECH AND FREEDOM OF ASSEMBLY, MY RIGHT TO PRIVACY--

RIGHT TO PRIVACY? AN' WHAT COUNTRY WAS THAT AGAIN?

I WANNA KNOW SOMETHING: I WANNA KNOW, WHEN THEY MADE THEIR DECISION TO HUNT THEIR OWN PEOPLE DOWN LIKE ANIMALS, JUST BECAUSE WE CHOOSE TO DEFEND OUR RIGHT TO PRIVACY--

--BECAUSE SOME IDIOTS IN STAMFORD DID SOMETHING STUPID, AND THEY'RE LOOKING FOR SOMEONE TO PAY--

--DID THE PEOPLE IN CHARGE FORGET WHO THE BAD GUYS REALLY ARE?



THE BAXTER  
BUILDING,  
HEADQUARTERS  
OF THE  
FANTASTIC FOUR.

IT'S BEEN A  
DIFFICULT WEEK,  
BEN. AND IT'S GOING  
TO GET A LOT MORE  
COMPLICATED FOR  
A WHILE.

ARE YOU  
OKAY, BY  
THE WAY?

GIANT-MAN  
PASSED RIGHT OVER  
ME ONE TIME. THAT  
WAS MORE OF A SHOCK  
TO THE SYSTEM THAN  
THIS. LET ME TELL YOU,  
THOSE PANTS WERE  
TIGHT--

WELL, I  
ADMIRE YOUR FORTITUDE,  
BEN. THIS KIND OF ANTI-GRAV  
ENVIRONMENT CAN BE NAUSEATING  
TO THE UNTRAINED. EVEN I'VE BEEN  
KNOWN TO RETCH AFTERWARDS.

NOW I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE DOING A  
PIECE ON SOME OF US FOR THE DAILY  
BUGLE. CARE TO TELL ME WHAT  
YOU HAVE IN MIND?

YOU'VE BEEN PRETTY  
STRONGLY IN FAVOR OF THE  
REGISTRATION ACT, ALONG  
WITH IRON MAN--

--WELL, I  
GUESS I SHOULD  
SAY TONY STARK  
NOW--

--AND  
SPIDER-MAN,  
AMONG OTHERS.  
YOU'VE BEEN  
QUOTED AS  
SAYING THIS IS  
AMERICA'S ONLY  
PATH TO AVOID  
ITS OWN SELF-  
DESTRUCTION.

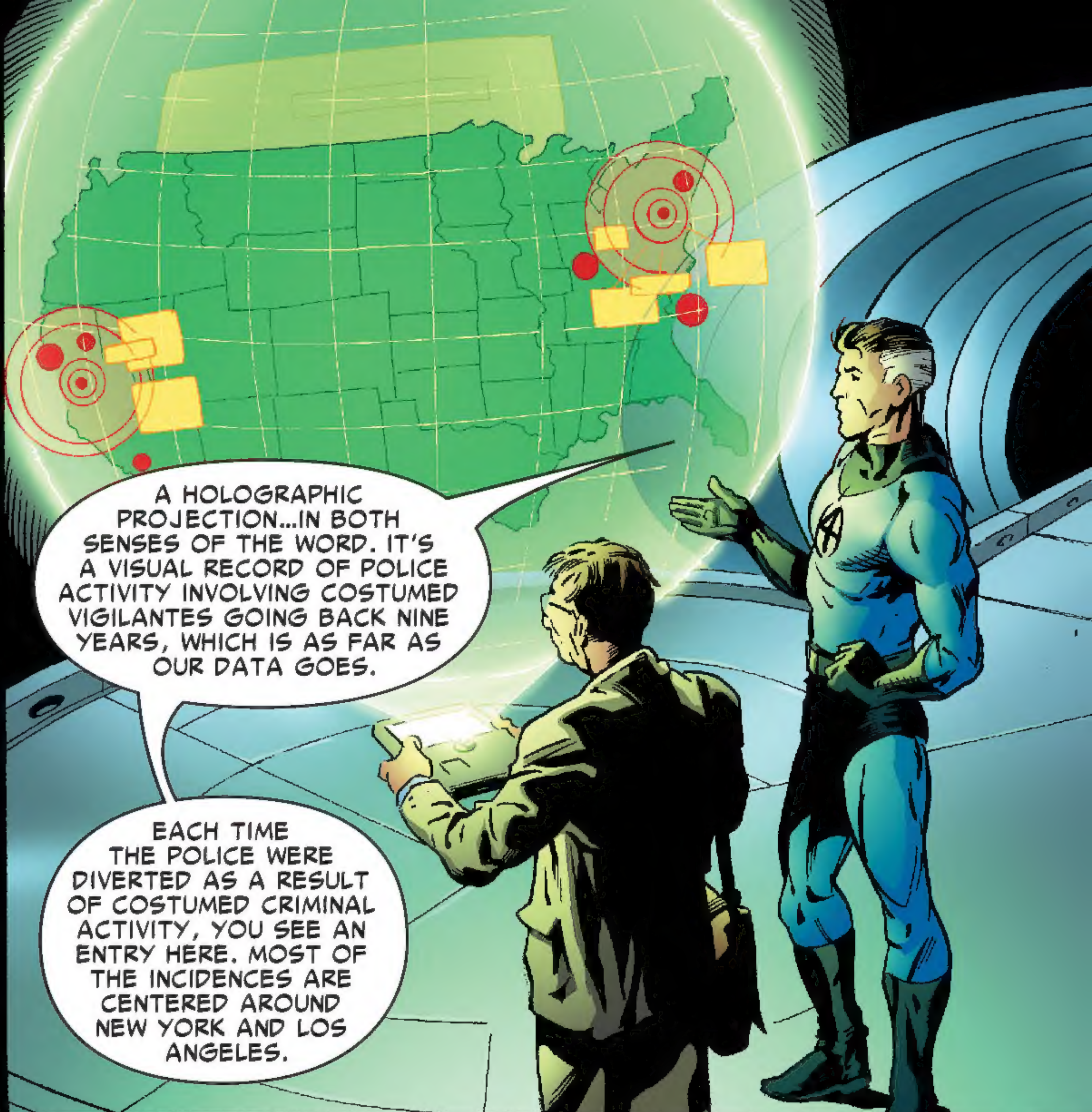
WHAT WE'RE ALL  
INTERESTED IN  
KNOWING, PROFESSOR  
RICHARDS, IS HOW  
CAN YOU BE SO  
SURE?

WHAT IF I  
SAID I COULD  
PROVE IT?



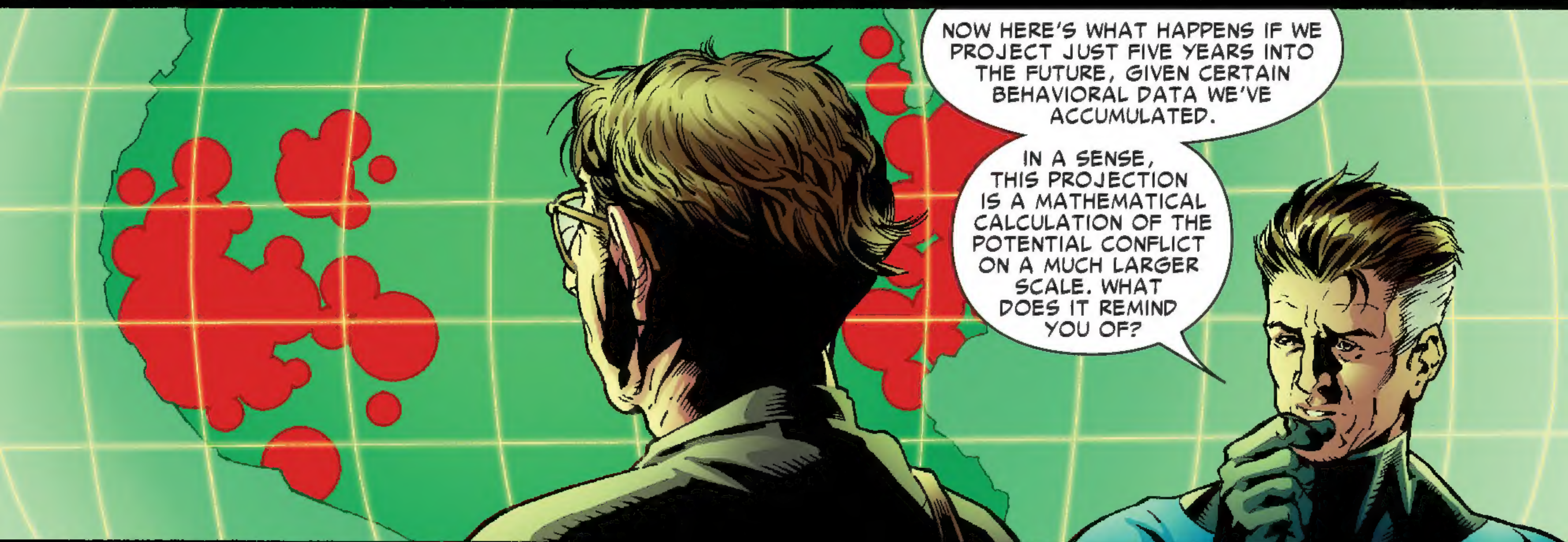


NEAT.  
WHAT  
IS IT?



A HOLOGRAPHIC  
PROJECTION...IN BOTH  
SENSES OF THE WORD. IT'S  
A VISUAL RECORD OF POLICE  
ACTIVITY INVOLVING COSTUMED  
VIGILANTES GOING BACK NINE  
YEARS, WHICH IS AS FAR AS  
OUR DATA GOES.

EACH TIME  
THE POLICE WERE  
DIVERTED AS A RESULT  
OF COSTUMED CRIMINAL  
ACTIVITY, YOU SEE AN  
ENTRY HERE. MOST OF  
THE INCIDENCES ARE  
CENTERED AROUND  
NEW YORK AND LOS  
ANGELES.



NOW HERE'S WHAT HAPPENS IF WE  
PROJECT JUST FIVE YEARS INTO  
THE FUTURE, GIVEN CERTAIN  
BEHAVIORAL DATA WE'VE  
ACCUMULATED.

IN A SENSE,  
THIS PROJECTION  
IS A MATHEMATICAL  
CALCULATION OF THE  
POTENTIAL CONFLICT  
ON A MUCH LARGER  
SCALE. WHAT  
DOES IT REMIND  
YOU OF?



AN OUTBREAK  
OF THE BIRD FLU. WHAT IF  
YOU MISSED A PLUS OR MINUS  
SIGN IN YOUR CALCULATIONS,  
PROFESSOR RICHARDS?

YOU JUST  
WALKED UPSIDE  
DOWN WITH ME, DIDN'T  
YOU? I'M NOT PERFECT,  
BUT IT'S A VERY SIMPLE  
MODEL FOR SOMEONE  
WITH MY TRACK RECORD.



THAT SOUNDS  
LIKE A DANGEROUS  
WAY OF THINKING.

DANGEROUS  
THINKING IS WHAT  
GOT US TO THE  
MOON.

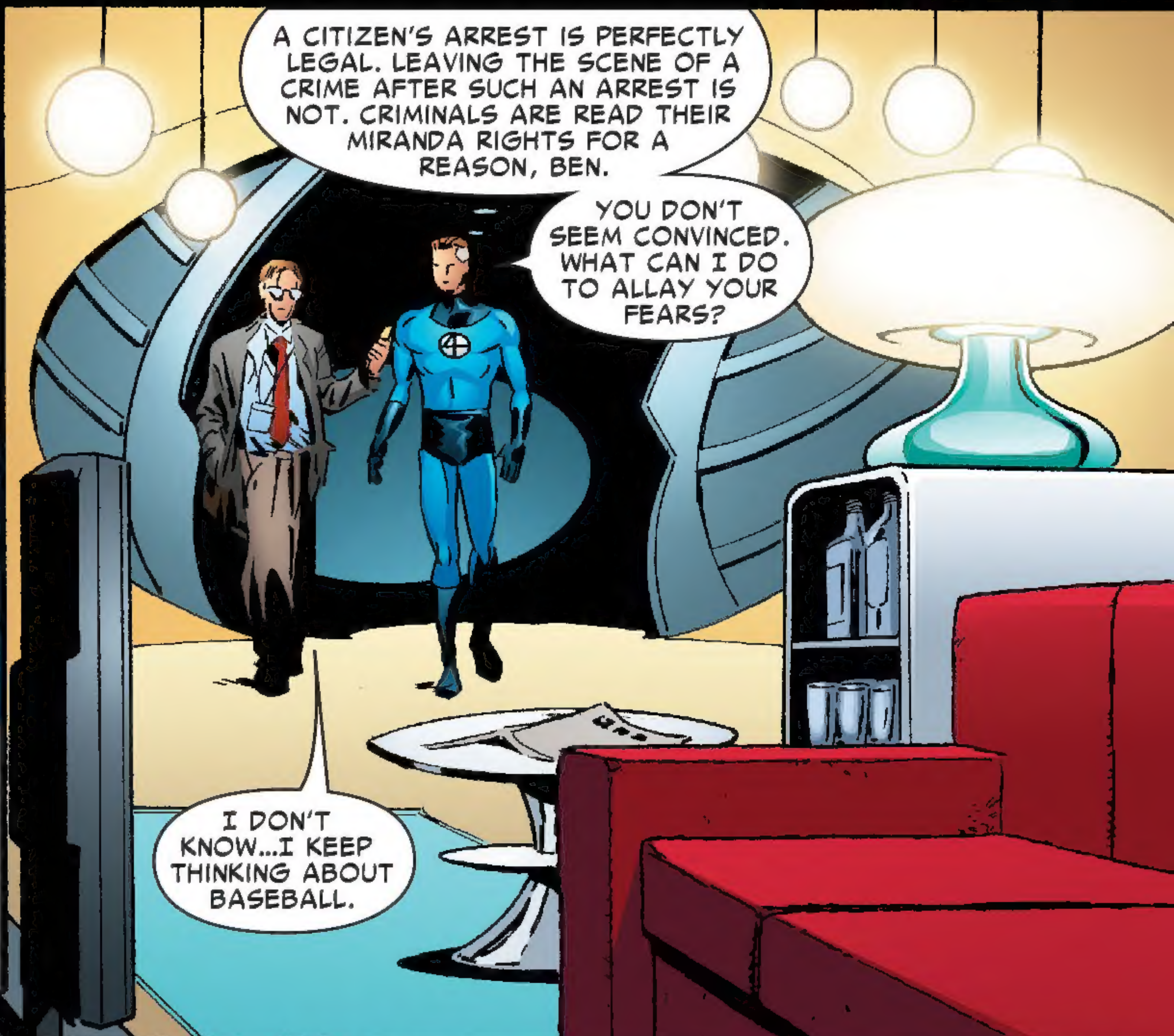




SHOULD PEOPLE BE SUSPICIOUS THAT THE REGISTRATION ACT IS BEING DRIVEN BY NUMBERS?

NUMBERS DON'T LIE. NOT REALLY.

CONSIDER THAT EVERY COSTUMED HERO INTERVENTION REQUIRES A POLICE INVESTIGATION. CONSIDER THAT ALMOST HALF OF THE REPORTED OCCURRENCES INVOLVE CRIMINAL ACTIVITY ON THE PART OF THE PERSON WEARING THE COSTUME.



A CITIZEN'S ARREST IS PERFECTLY LEGAL. LEAVING THE SCENE OF A CRIME AFTER SUCH AN ARREST IS NOT. CRIMINALS ARE READ THEIR MIRANDA RIGHTS FOR A REASON, BEN.

YOU DON'T SEEM CONVINCED. WHAT CAN I DO TO ALLAY YOUR FEARS?

I DON'T KNOW...I KEEP THINKING ABOUT BASEBALL.



BASEBALL?

WELL, YOU FOLLOW BASEBALL, RIGHT?

ALWAYS. IT'S FRANKLIN'S FAVORITE GAME.

WELL, FORGIVE MY ASSUMPTION-- I MEAN, I KNOW YOU'RE THE GENIUS HERE, PROFESSOR--BUT IF YOU KNOW BASEBALL, THEN YOU PROBABLY KNOW ABOUT STATS.



SEE, WHAT WORRIES ME IS THAT SO OFTEN ONE TEAM CAN DOMINATE THE STAT SHEET, AND YET THE OTHER TEAM WINS.

OPINION POLLS GO UP AND DOWN. STOCKS FLUCTUATE ACCORDING TO PERCEPTION.

I THINK YOU'RE OVERSIMPLIFYING, BEN.



WELL, I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, SIR. I REALLY DO. BECAUSE I THINK IT'S ABSDURD TO THINK YOU CAN MEASURE PUBLIC SENTIMENT...

...AND THEN PRETEND NUMBERS DON'T LIE.





THAT WAS ALL WELL AND GOOD, I SUPPOSE.

THE DOWNTRODDEN AND THE SUBJUGATED GETTING TOGETHER WITH THE UNDERDOGS. IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL HUMAN-INTEREST PIECE, BUT IT WASN'T GOING TO MAKE PEOPLE UNDERSTAND.



OKAY...LET'S GET FAR BACK FROM THE STREET HERE, PEOPLE--



GEOFFY CRESWELL, AS I LIVE AND BREATHE! SEXIEST HUMAN BEING ALIVE WITH A CAMERA GRAFTED TO HIS ARM. WHAT HAVE YOU GOT, OH SWAMI OF THE SNAPSHOT?

A PULITZER PRIZE-WINNING SHOT OF TWO GUYS IN COSTUME GOIN' AT IT. CHECK IT OUT.



"THE GUY ON THE LEFT IS ANTI-REGISTRATION, I GUESS. HIS NAME IS THUNDERCLAP. THEY GAVE ME ANTIBIOTICS FOR THAT ONCE."

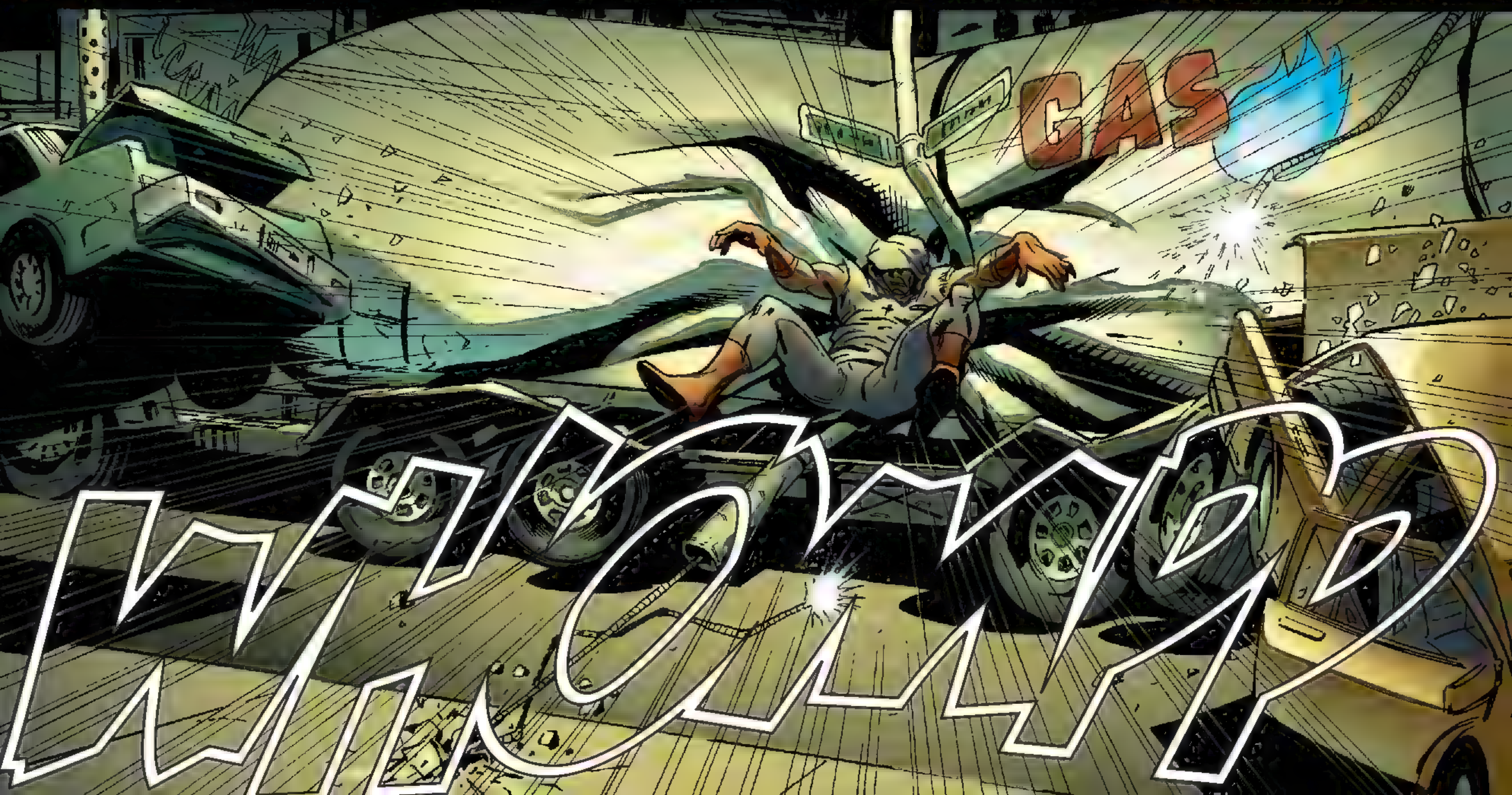
"THE HISPANIC GUY WHO CORNERED HIM IS CALLED BANTAM--HE'S PRO-REG... CAME IN FROM L.A. LAST YEAR. THEY'VE BEEN PUNCHING EACH OTHER FOR HALF AN HOUR."



FIVE BUCKS. YOU PICK.  
I'LL TAKE THE GOOFY-LOOKING ONE IN THE STUPID COSTUME.

HEY! NO FAIR!

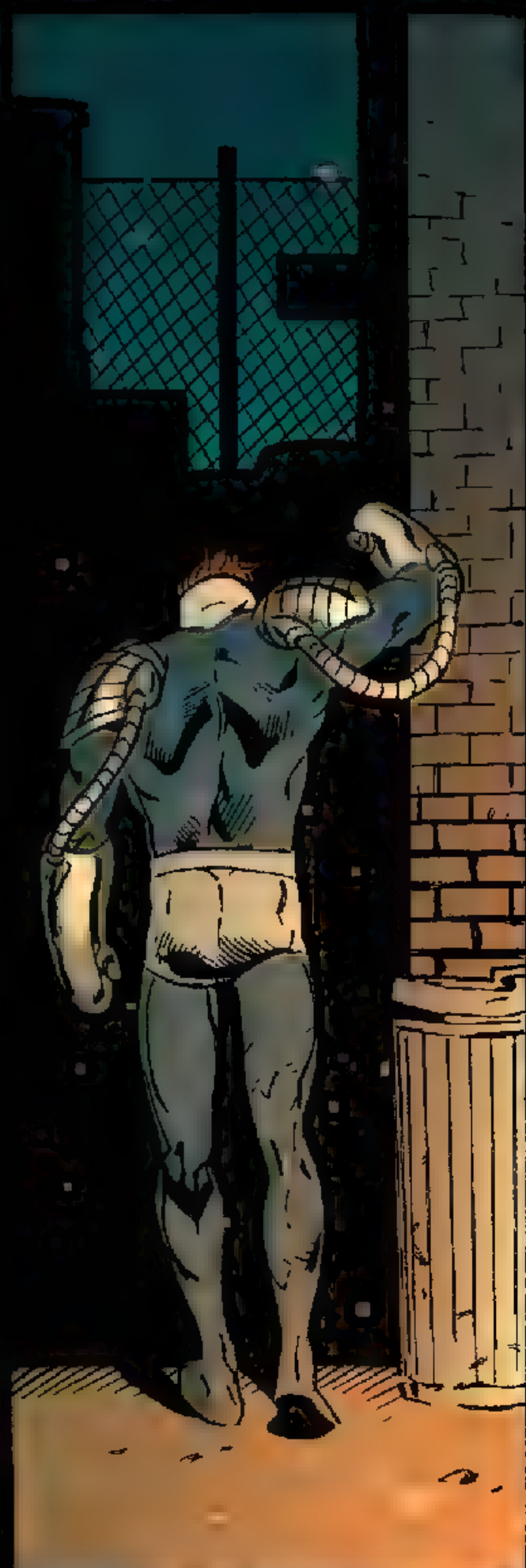














BUT TRY  
TELLING THAT  
TO THE FAMILIES  
OF THE DEAD.

# EMBEDDED

PART THREE

PAUL  
JENKINS  
WRITER

RAMON  
BACHS  
PENCILER

JOHN  
LUCAS  
INKER

LAURA  
MARTIN  
COLORIST

VC'S RANDY  
GENTILE  
LETTERER

JOHN  
WATSON  
COVER

CORY  
SEDLMEIER  
EDITOR

TOM  
BREVOORT  
EXECUTIVE EDITOR

JOE  
QUESADA  
EDITOR IN CHIEF

DAN  
BUCKLEY  
PUBLISHER



# THE ACCUSED

## PART THREE

PAUL  
JENKINS  
WRITER

STEVE  
LIEBER  
ARTIST

JUNE  
CHUNG  
COLORIST

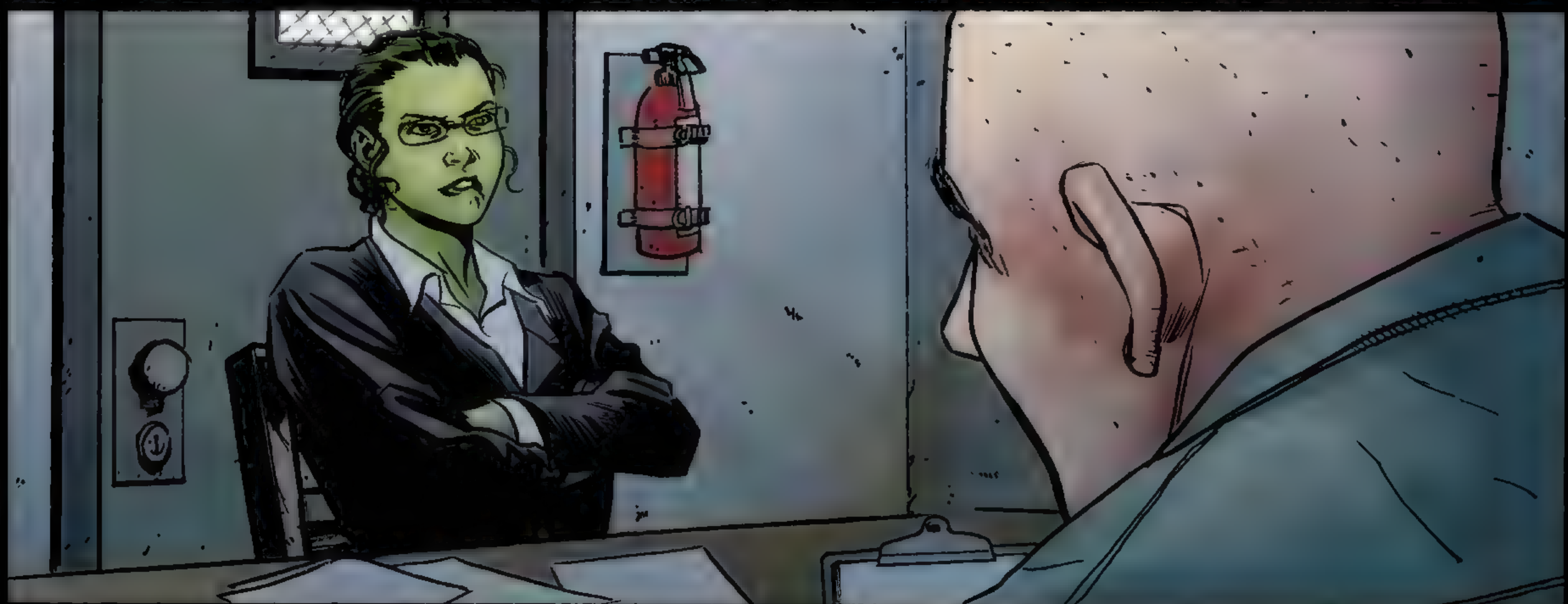
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PUBLISHER





I'M NOT GOING TO LET THIS HAPPEN, ROBBIE. THEY KNOW EXACTLY WHAT KIND OF TARGET YOU ARE IN HERE WITHOUT YOUR POWERS.

I WANT YOU TO SIT TIGHT, OKAY? WE'RE WORKING ON A MOTION TO GET YOU TRANSFERRED INTO A MORE APPROPRIATE FACILITY.



JUST WHAT I NEED: A BETTER CLASS OF JAIL--

OKAY... HERE'S WHAT WE'VE GOT: WE'RE CHALLENGING THE LEGALITY OF DESIGNATING YOU AS UNREGISTERED WITHOUT ALLOWING YOU A GRACE PERIOD. NOT YOUR FAULT YOU WERE UNCONSCIOUS WHEN THE REGISTRATION DEADLINE PASSED.



ALSO, WE'VE REQUESTED TO HAVE YOU EXAMINED SO WE CAN DETERMINE WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOUR POWERS. REED RICHARDS SAYS HE THINKS THE EXPLOSION MIGHT HAVE SHORT-CIRCUITED YOUR KINETIC ENERGY FIELD, BUT HE NEEDS TO EXAMINE YOU.

OBVIOUSLY, THE WHOLE UNREGISTERED COMBATANT THING WILL GO TO THE HIGH COURT, BUT IT'S GOING TO TAKE MONTHS, OR POSSIBLY YEARS.



THEY'RE GOING TO MAKE ME A SCAPEGOAT, JEN. SOME MANIAC KILLED SIXTY KIDS AND THEY'RE GOING TO MAKE IT SEEM AS THOUGH I DID IT.

THERE WAS NOTHING I COULD HAVE DONE.



EXCEPT NOT *BE* THERE IN THE FIRST PLACE, ROBBIE.







I'VE TALKED WITH THE JUDGE. THERE'S SOME WILLINGNESS TO BACK DOWN ON THEIR INITIAL OFFER IF WE PLEAD CRIMINAL NEGLIGENCE--

I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING WRONG.



ROBBIE, LET'S GET THIS OUT IN THE OPEN, OKAY? I WANT TO DEFEND YOU, BUT YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO LOOK AT THIS THROUGH THE EYES OF THE JUDGE OR THE JURY.

YOU ATTACKED A HOUSE FULL OF BAD GUYS WHILE MAKING A REALITY-TV SHOW. SIXTY CHILDREN DIED.



SIXTY CHILDREN DIED BECAUSE A NUTBALL NAMED NITRO BLEW HIMSELF UP OUTSIDE A SCHOOLYARD. NITRO "BAD," ME "GOOD..." SEE THE DIFFERENCE?

SO YOU'RE EXPECTING ME TO CONVINCE A JURY THAT SIXTY DEAD CHILDREN IS JUST COLLATERAL DAMAGE?



LOOK... I'M SORRY, OKAY. IT'S JUST... I'VE BEEN TO THE SITE. IT'S A MESS. THEY'RE STILL RECOVERING BODIES... SOME OF THEM MAY NEVER BE IDENTIFIED.

I CAN'T IMAGINE IT, JEN. IT'S TERRIBLE... DEPRESSING, AWFUL. IT'S BEYOND DESCRIPTION. BUT IT DOESN'T MAKE ME GUILTY OF KILLING THEM.

BELIEVE ME, I WOULD DO ANYTHING TO GO BACK AND HAVE IT BE DIFFERENT, BUT I CAN'T CHANGE THE PAST.



THEN CHANGE THE PRESENT.





BABY-KILLER.

...WHAT I'M GONNA DO TO YOUR FAMILY WHEN I GET OUT...

...WHASSAMATTER, BOY? YOU AFRAID..?



...SOMETIME, ANYTIME, BABY-KILLER--WHEN YOU AIN'T LOOKIN'...

...PEEL YOUR FACE OFF AN' EAT IT...

...ALREADY DEAD, BABY-KILLER...



YOU DON'T LOOK SO GOOD, BABY-KILLER. MUST BE 'CAUSE YOU DON'T GOT THEM POWERS OF YOURS NO MORE.

BUT DON'T YOU WORRY NOW: I AIN'T GONNA KILL YOU.



I'M GONNA BRING YOU CLOSE EVERY DAY, BABY-KILLER. BUT I AIN'T NEVER GONNA LET YOU DIE.

YOU'RE BETTER TO ME ALIVE AN' IN PAIN.





I'VE SEEN FIFTY TIMES WORSE THAN YOU, TOOMEY. YOU'RE A BEGINNER. I DON'T NEED POWERS TO KICK YOUR BUTT TO THE END OF THIS CRAPHOLE AND BACK.

YOU'D BEST WATCH THAT SMART MOUTH OF YOURS, BOY!



OR WHAT? YOU'LL GET YOUR LITTLE GANG OF BOYFRIENDS TO HURT ME AGAIN? LIKE I GIVE A FLYING--

SHUT THE HELL UP AN' GET INSIDE, BALDWIN!



YOU THINK YOU'RE A BIG MAN, TOOMEY...BUT YOU'RE NOT A MAN! I DON'T NEED POWERS TO BREAK A LITTLE TWIG LIKE YOU!

YOU THINK YOU CAN TAKE ME? THEN GIVE IT A SHOT. WE'LL MEET UP IN THE PRISON RING ANYTIME YOU'RE NOT TOO SCARED TO TRY!



ANYTIME...YOU HEAR ME, TOOMEY? ANYTIME!

HOW ABOUT NEXT GYM SESSION?



YOU'RE ON.









I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, HICKEY. I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU DID TO DESERVE BUNKING WITH ME, BUT IT MUST HAVE BEEN SOMETHING PRETTY BAD.

HEY, I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT I DID.



LOOK...WHATEVER YOU'RE IN FOR, I DON'T CARE. YOU'RE THE ONLY GUY IN HERE WHO DIDN'T TAKE A SHOT AT ME YET. I APPRECIATE THAT IN A MAN, I REALLY DO.



JUST YOU AN' ME, HICKEY.

YOU DON'T SAY MUCH BUT I GET A SENSE OUT OF YOU. YOU'RE A GOOD GUY.

RIGHT, HICKEY?



LIKE YOU EVEN KNOW I'M HERE...







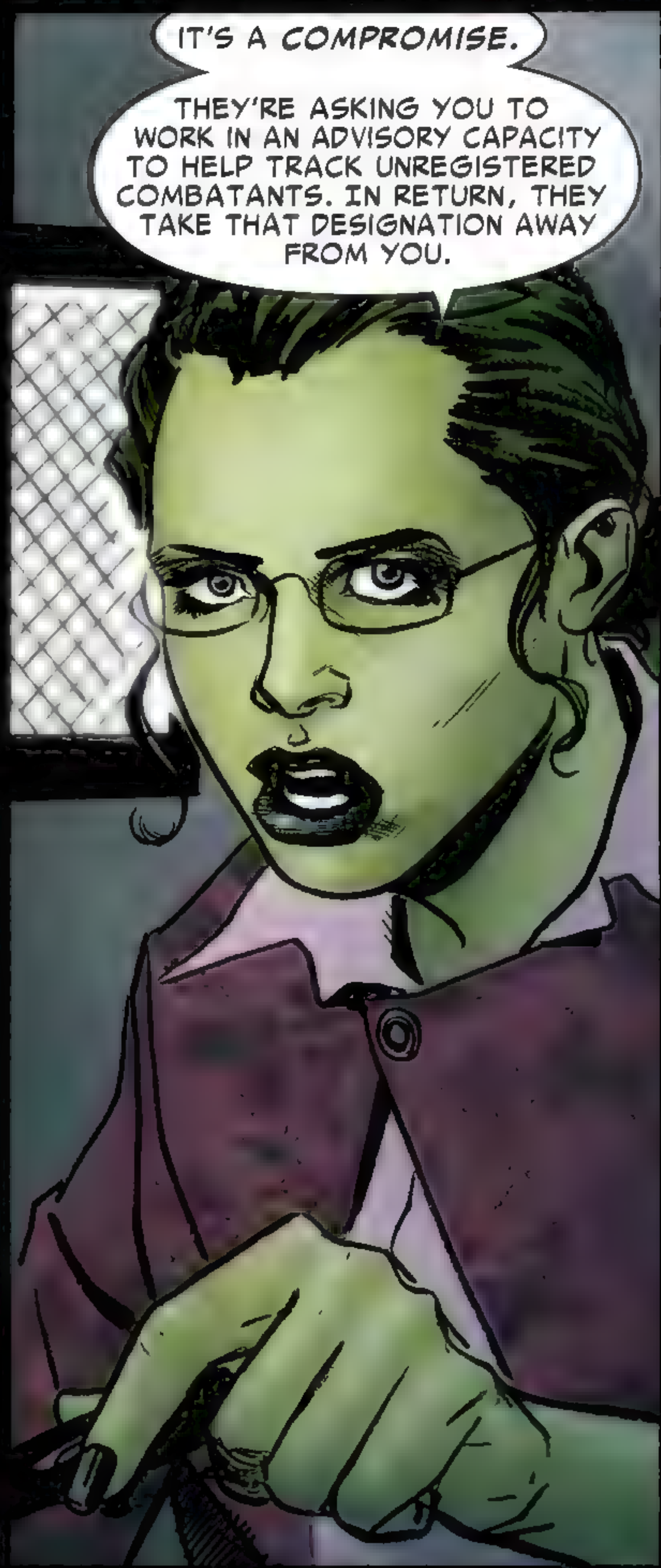
I TALKED WITH AGENT MARSHALL TODAY, ROBBIE. HE'S SPOKEN WITH LOCAL AND STATE OFFICIALS AND THEY'RE PREPARED TO COME TO AN ARRANGEMENT.

EVERYONE CAN COME OUT OF THIS WITH MINIMAL DAMAGE. ALL I'M ASKING YOU TO DO IS KEEP AN OPEN MIND.



IT'S AN OFFER FROM THE GOVERNOR. YOU AGREE TO REGISTER WITH THE AUTHORITIES AS A COSTUMED HERO, AND YOU GET THREE YEARS' COMMUNITY SERVICE DOING WHAT YOU WOULD HAVE DONE ANYWAY--

WAIT...THIS IS AN ADMISSION OF GUILT?



IT'S A *COMPROMISE*.

THEY'RE ASKING YOU TO WORK IN AN ADVISORY CAPACITY TO HELP TRACK UNREGISTERED COMBATANTS. IN RETURN, THEY TAKE THAT DESIGNATION AWAY FROM YOU.



BUT THEY WANT ME TO REGISTER?

IT'S JUST A SLAP ON THE WRIST, ROBBIE.

IF I REGISTER, I'M SAYING WE WERE OUT OF CONTROL. I'M SAYING IT WAS OUR FAULT.



THE OFFER'S ON THE TABLE, ROBBIE.

IT'S THE BEST OFFER YOU'RE EVER GOING TO GET.





TELL  
THEM I'LL  
SIGN--

GOOD.

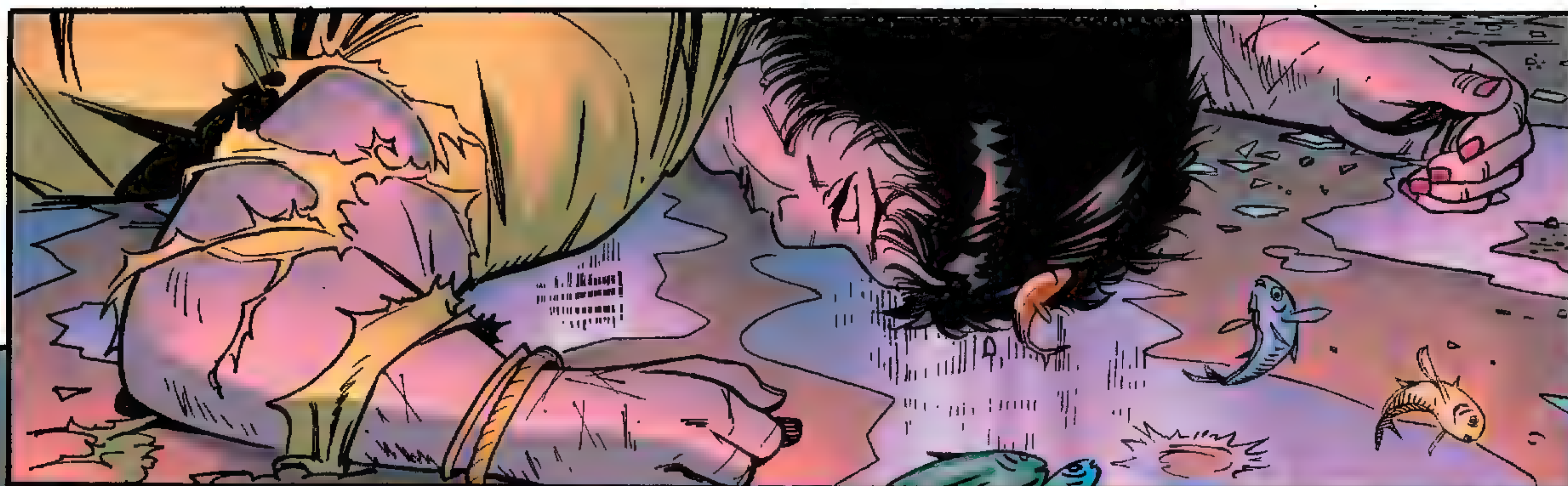
LISTEN, I  
KNOW IT STINKS,  
BUT IT'S TRULY THE  
WAY FORWARD--

TELL THEM  
I'LL SIGN THE  
DAY HELL  
FREEZES  
OVER.

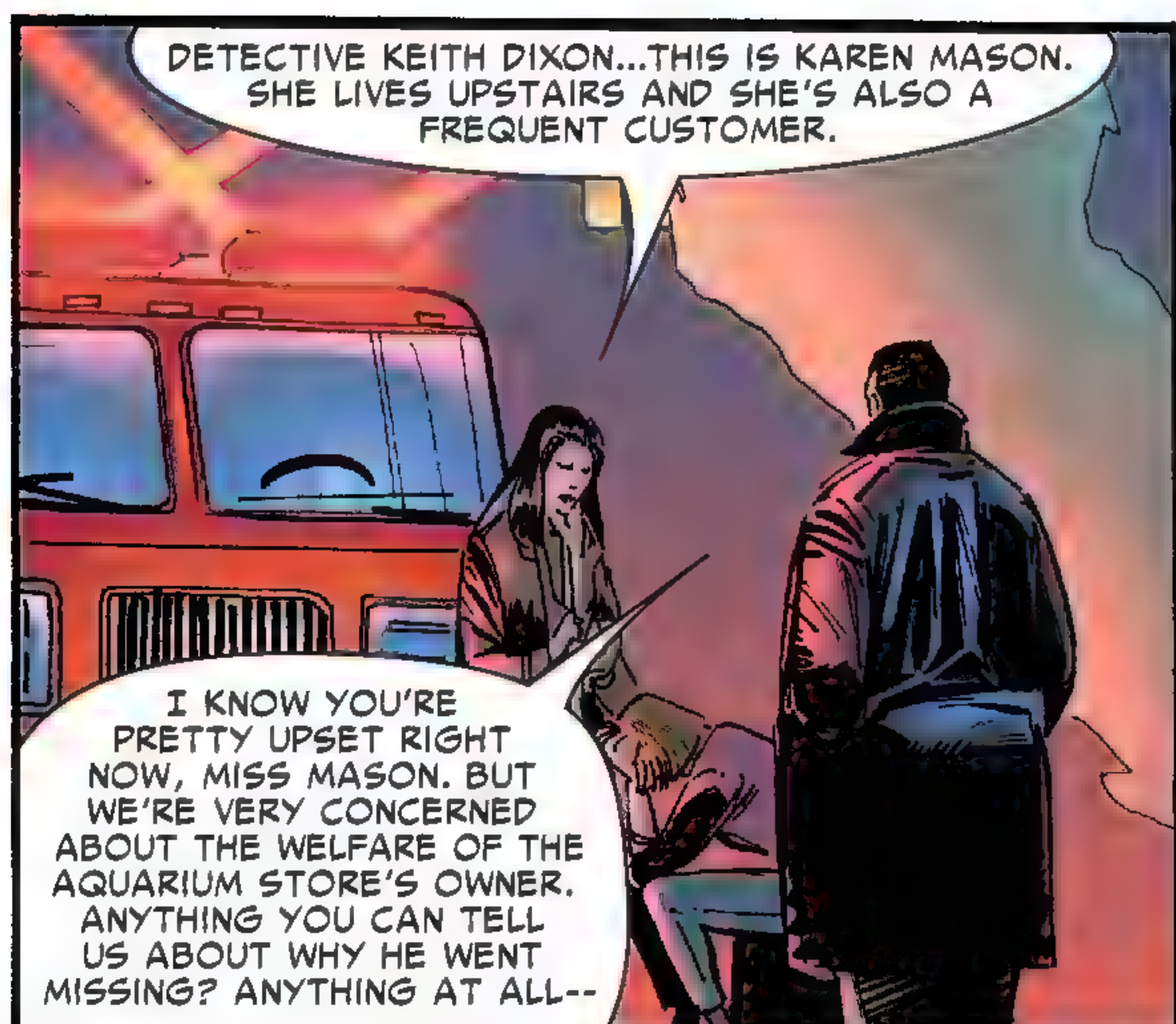


**To Be Continued**







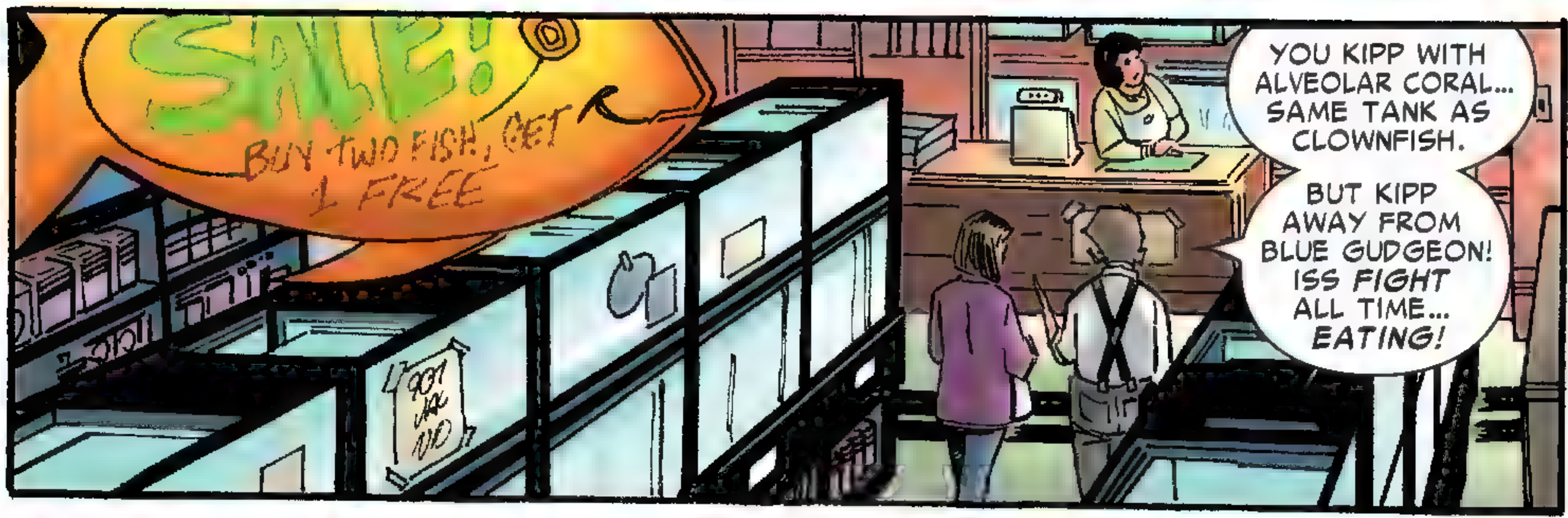




IT'S SO WEIRD, JOE: YOU'RE ALWAYS SO GOOD WITH THEM. IT'S LIKE THEY CONGREGATE AT THE FRONT OF THE TANK WHEN YOU WALK BY.

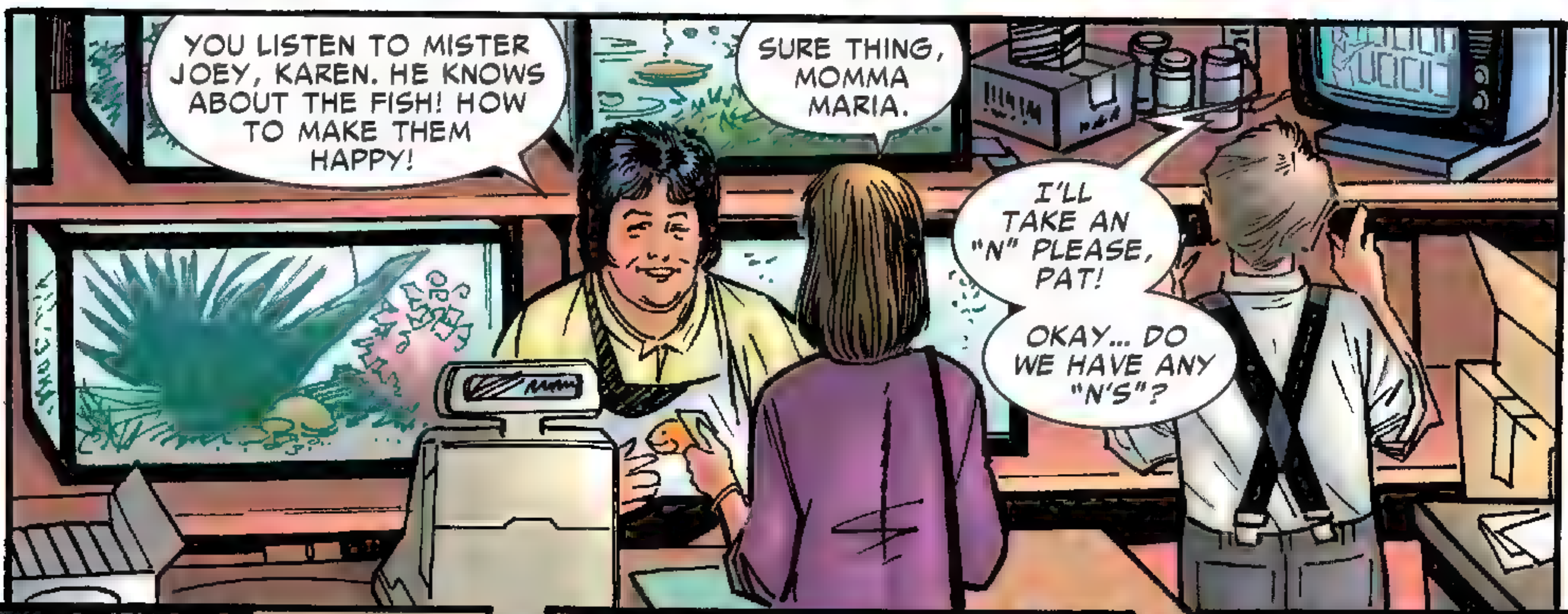
DID YOU TRAIN THEM, OR SOMETHING?

YISS, YISS... I TRAIN!



YOU KIPP WITH ALVEOLAR CORAL... SAME TANK AS CLOWNFISH.

BUT KIPP AWAY FROM BLUE GUDGEON! ISS FIGHT ALL TIME... EATING!

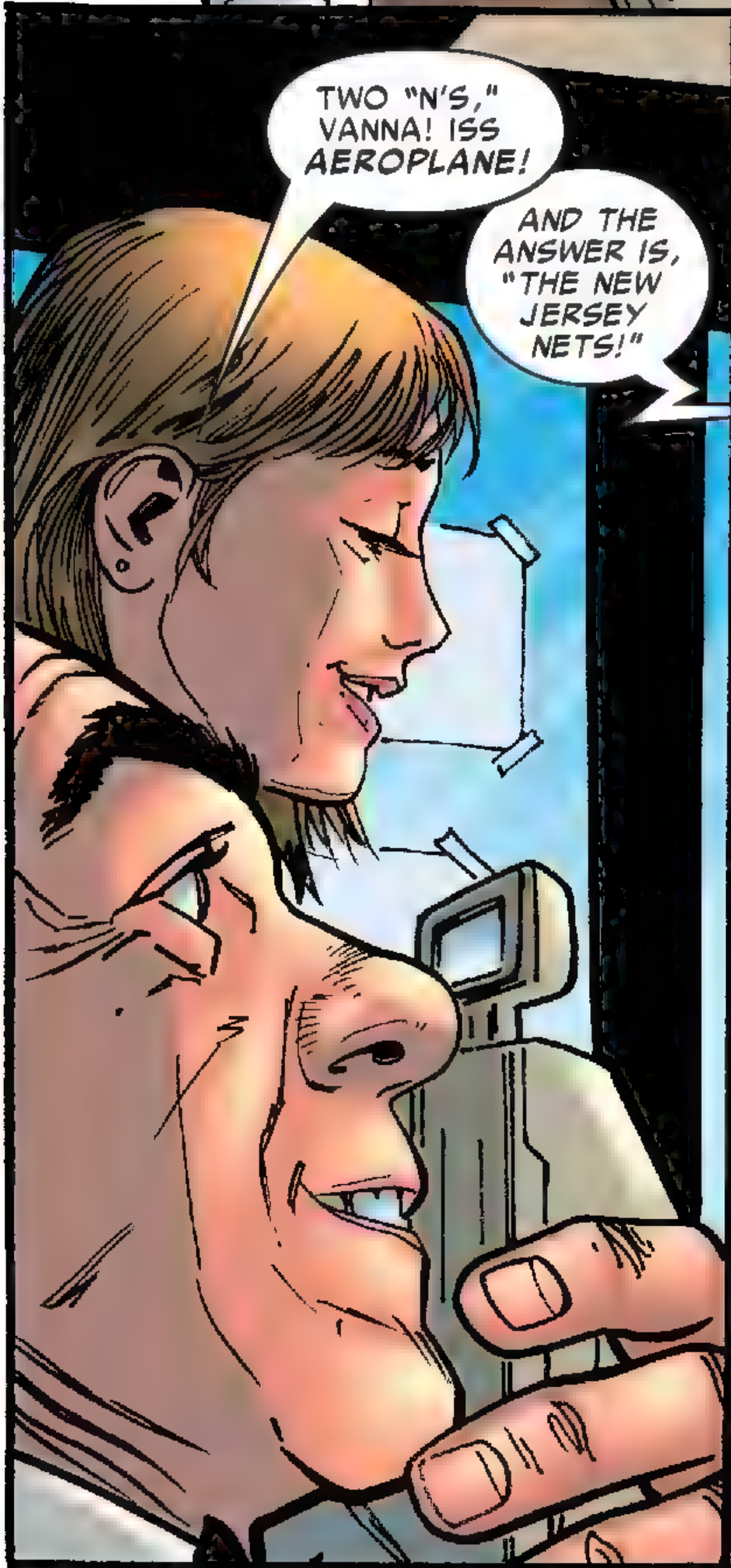


YOU LISTEN TO MISTER JOEY, KAREN. HE KNOWS ABOUT THE FISH! HOW TO MAKE THEM HAPPY!

SURE THING, MOMMA MARIA.

I'LL TAKE AN "N" PLEASE, PAT!

OKAY... DO WE HAVE ANY "N'S"?



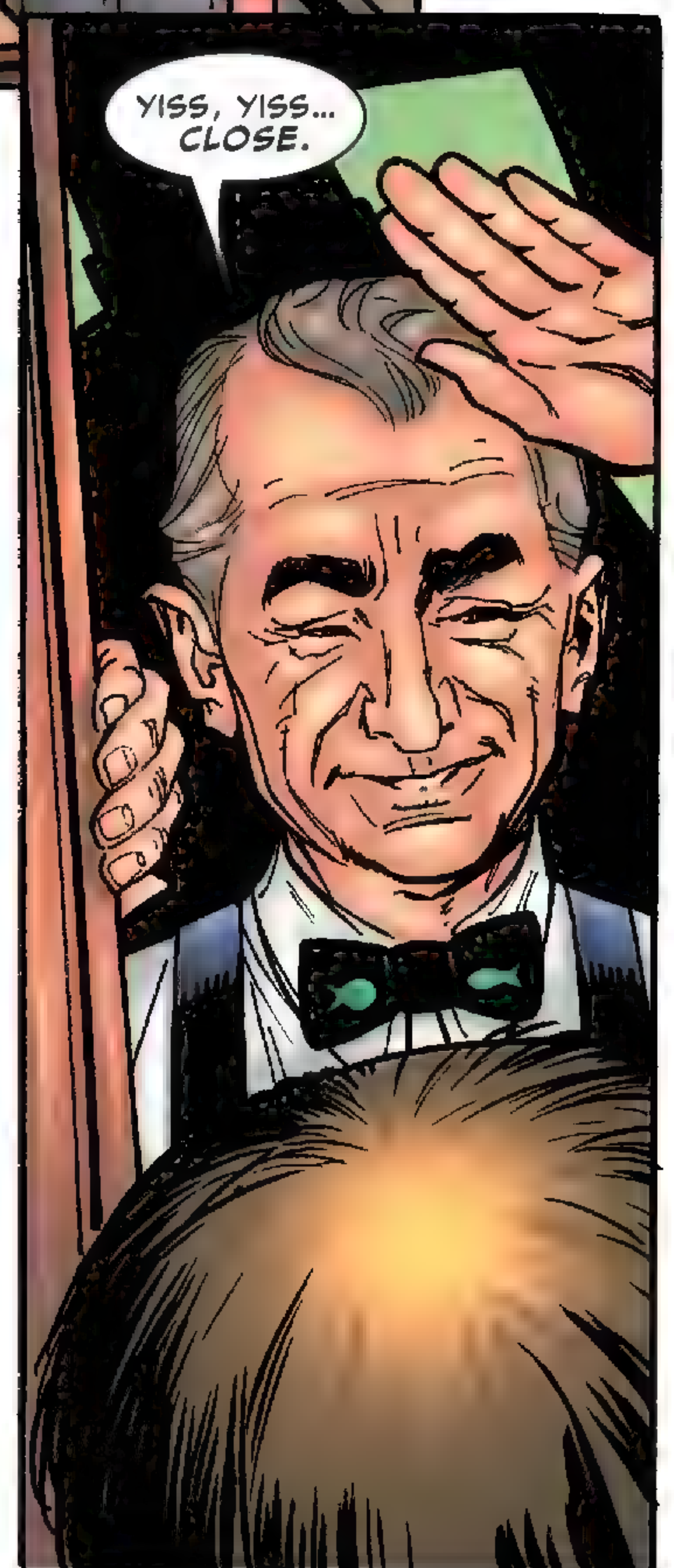
TWO "N'S," VANNA! ISS AEROPLANE!

AND THE ANSWER IS, "THE NEW JERSEY NETS!"



WHERE ARE YOU FROM, JOE? MOMMA'S FROM ITALY, RIGHT?

BUT YOU'RE FROM, LIKE, EASTERN EUROPE, OR SOMETHING. AM I CLOSE?

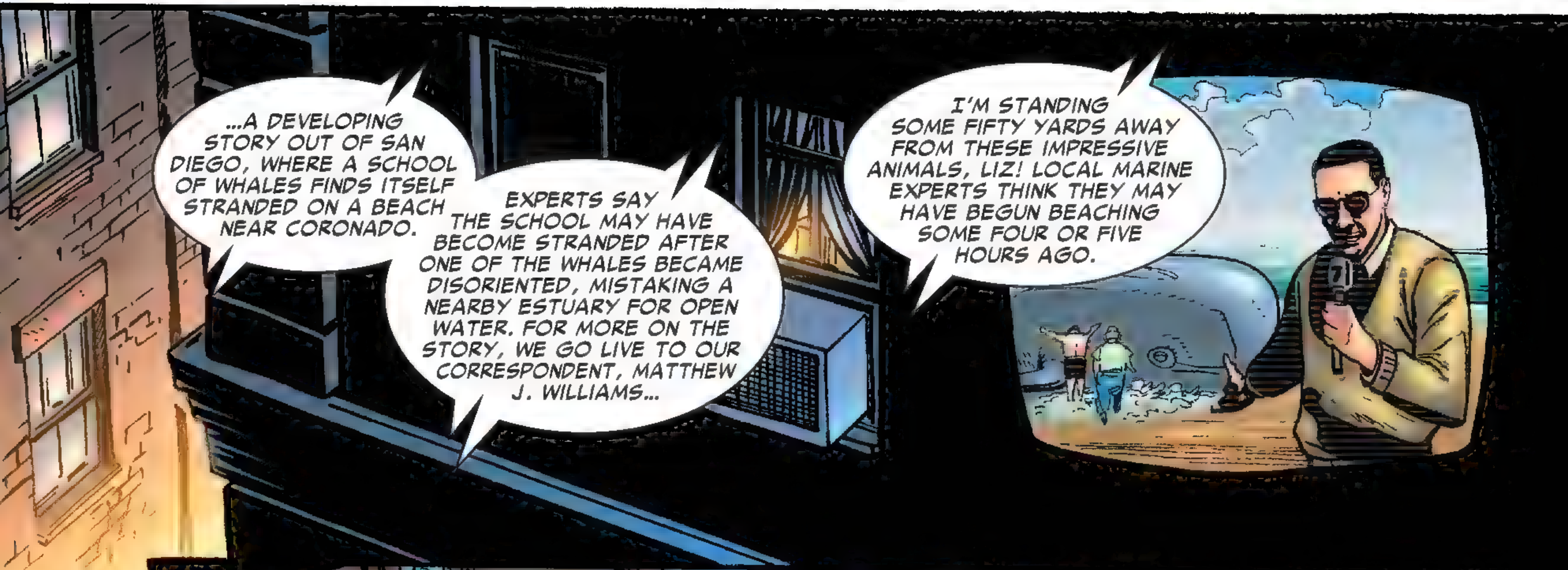


YISS, YISS... CLOSE.





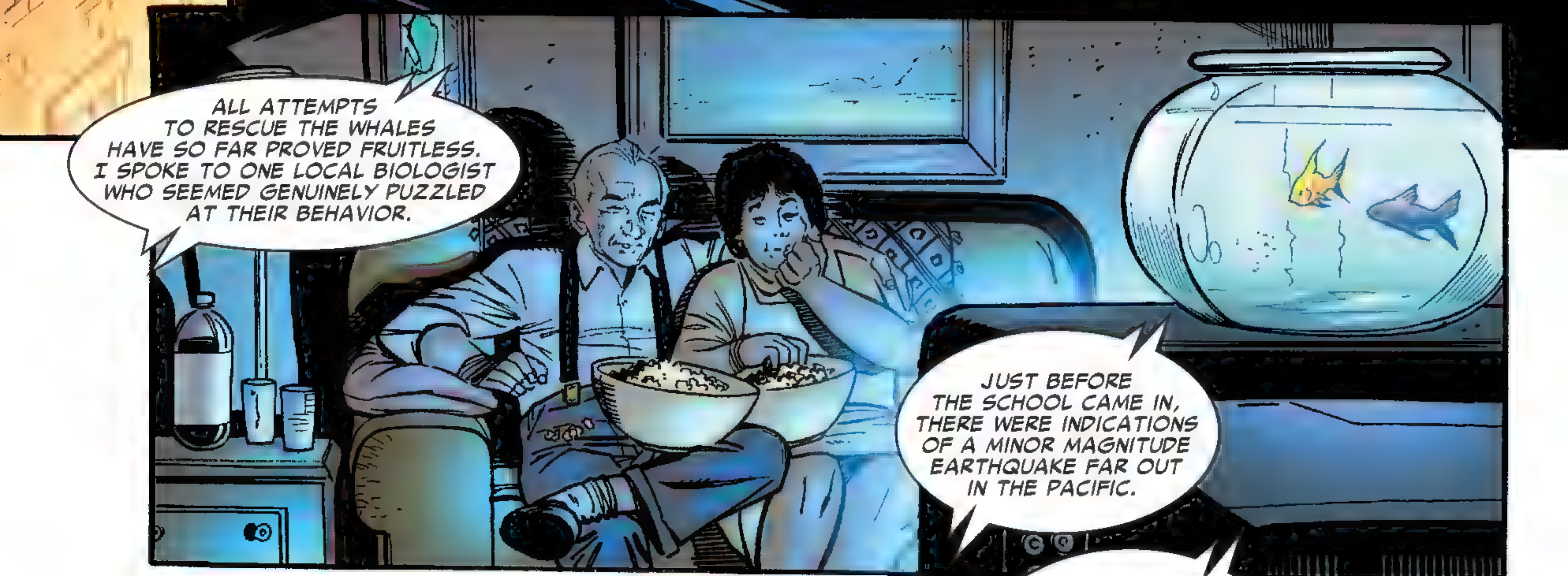




...A DEVELOPING STORY OUT OF SAN DIEGO, WHERE A SCHOOL OF WHALES FINDS ITSELF STRANDED ON A BEACH NEAR CORONADO.

EXPERTS SAY THE SCHOOL MAY HAVE BECOME STRANDED AFTER ONE OF THE WHALES BECAME DISORIENTED, MISTAKING A NEARBY ESTUARY FOR OPEN WATER. FOR MORE ON THE STORY, WE GO LIVE TO OUR CORRESPONDENT, MATTHEW J. WILLIAMS...

I'M STANDING SOME FIFTY YARDS AWAY FROM THESE IMPRESSIVE ANIMALS, LIZ! LOCAL MARINE EXPERTS THINK THEY MAY HAVE BEGUN BEACHING SOME FOUR OR FIVE HOURS AGO.



ALL ATTEMPTS TO RESCUE THE WHALES HAVE SO FAR PROVED FRUITLESS. I SPOKE TO ONE LOCAL BIOLOGIST WHO SEEMED GENUINELY PUZZLED AT THEIR BEHAVIOR.

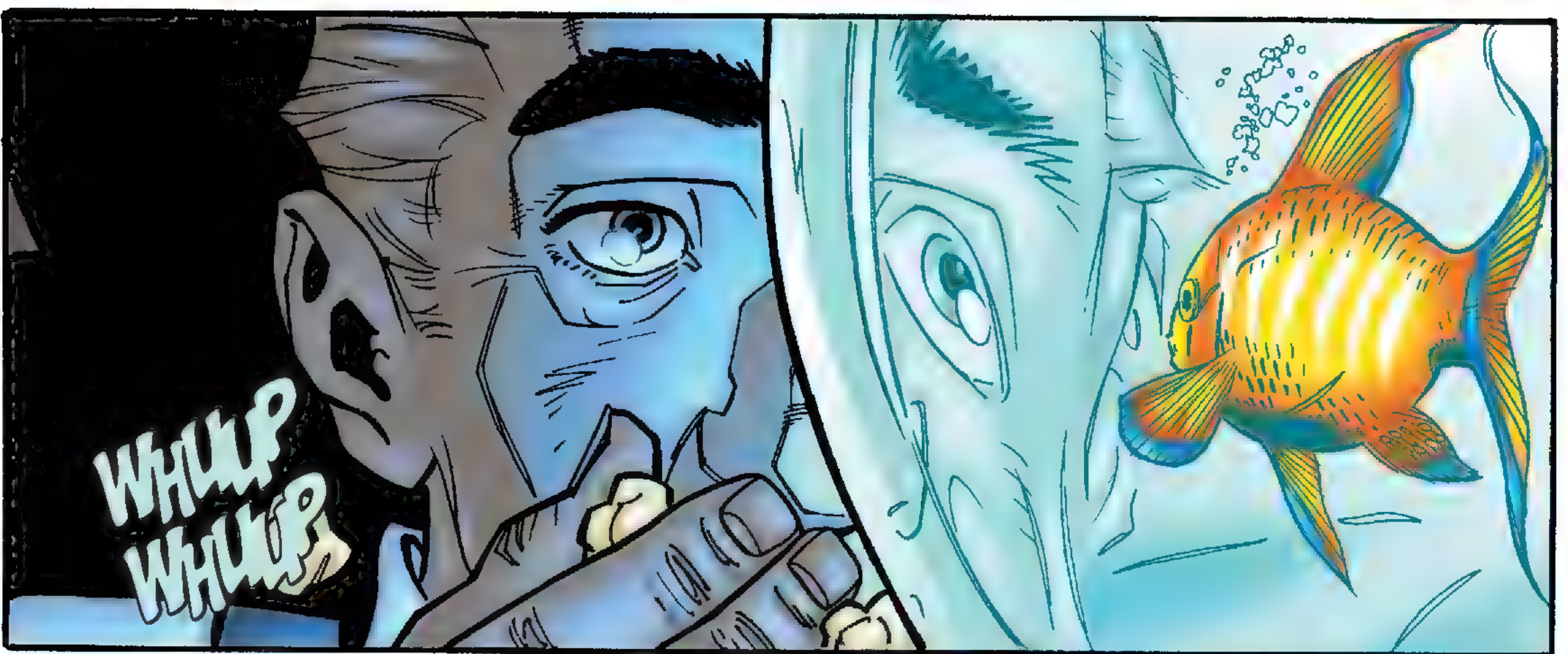
JUST BEFORE THE SCHOOL CAME IN, THERE WERE INDICATIONS OF A MINOR MAGNITUDE EARTHQUAKE FAR OUT IN THE PACIFIC.



AS IF ON CUE, THE WHALES BEGAN HEADING TOWARDS CORONADO BEACH. THERE'S SOME SUGGESTION THEY WERE TRYING TO ESCAPE A TIDAL CURRENT.

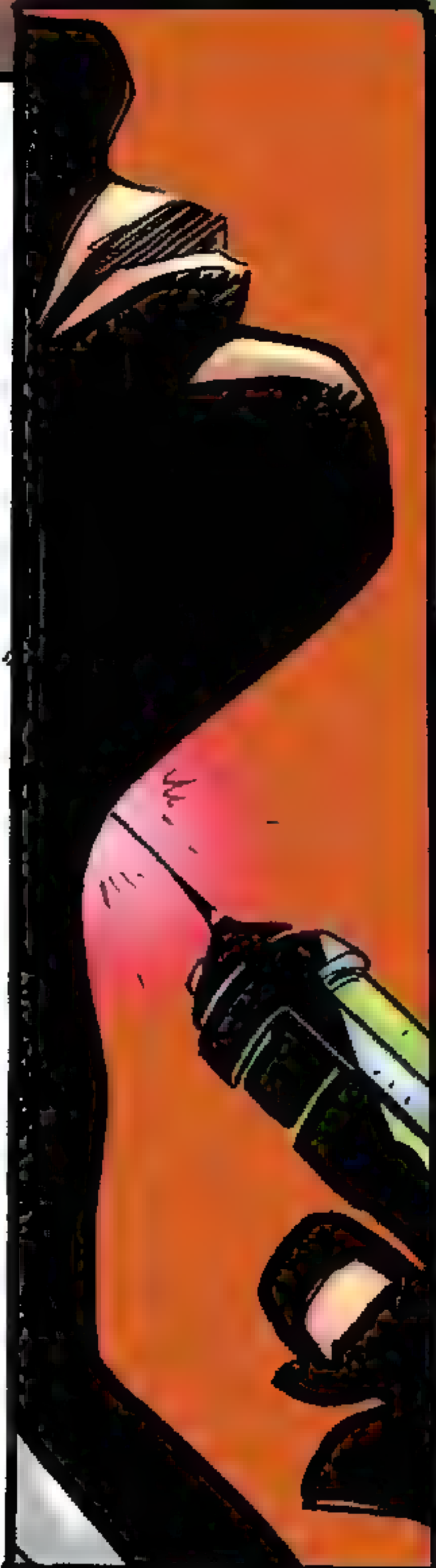
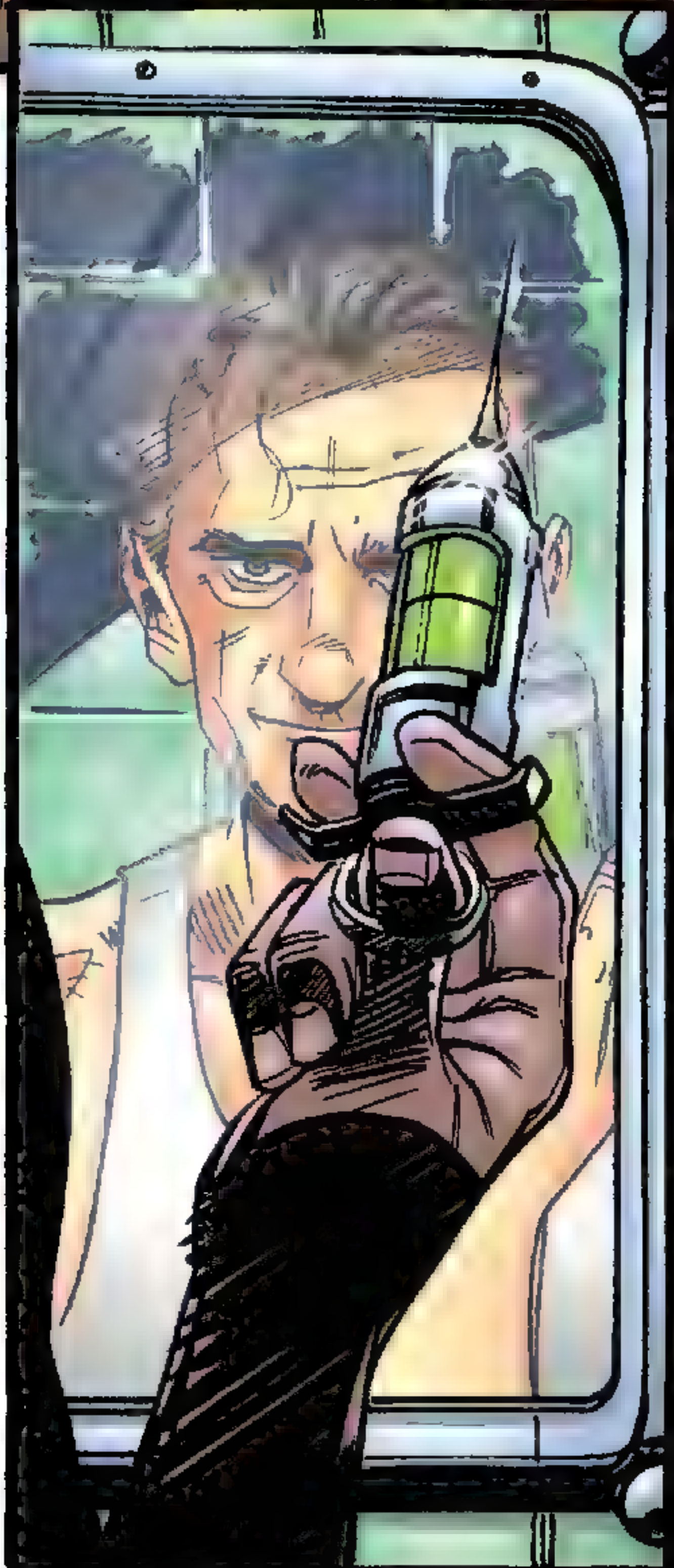
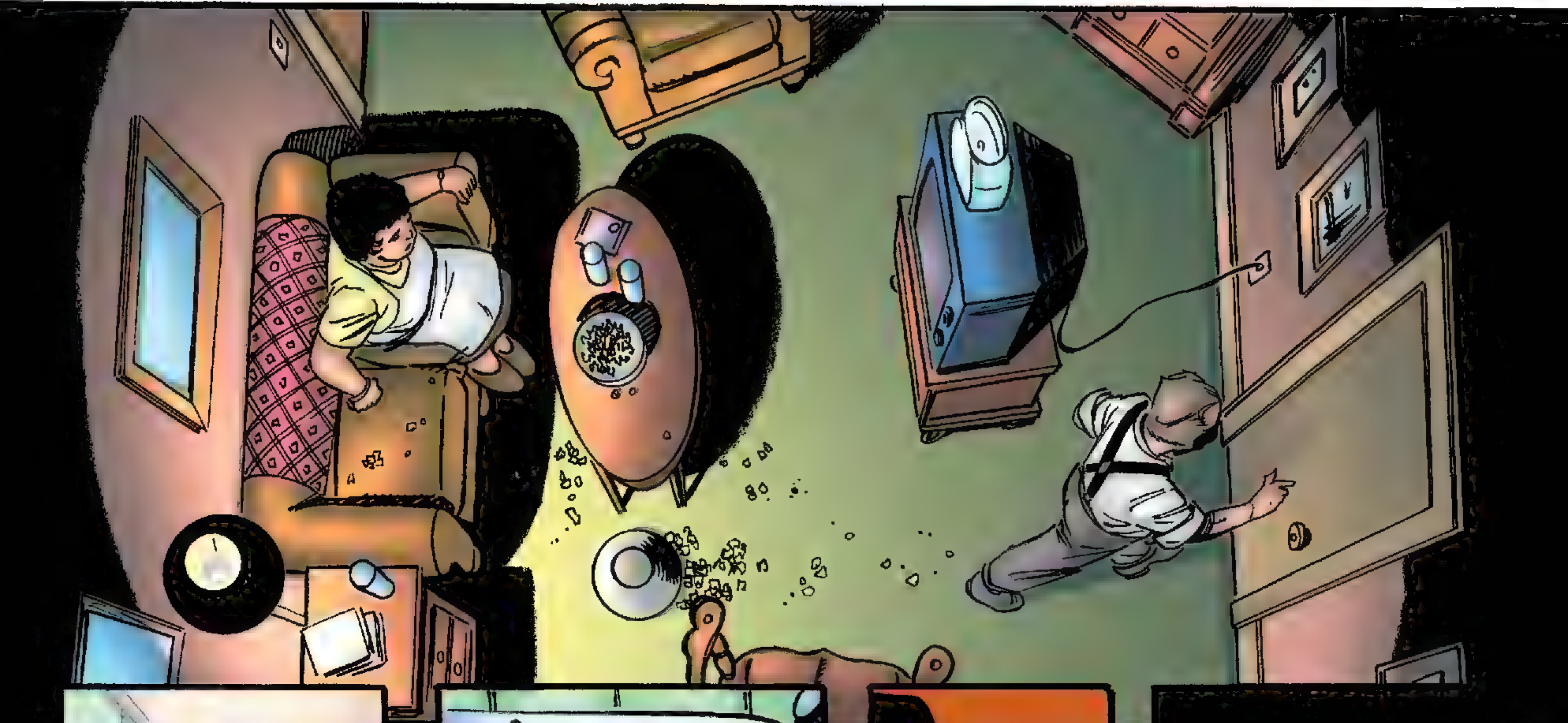
AUDIO RECORDERS AT NEARBY SEAWORLD PICKED UP THIS UNUSUAL WHALE SONG, WHICH COULD BE HEARD CLEARLY FROM SOME TEN OR TWELVE MILES AWAY--

WHUP WHUP

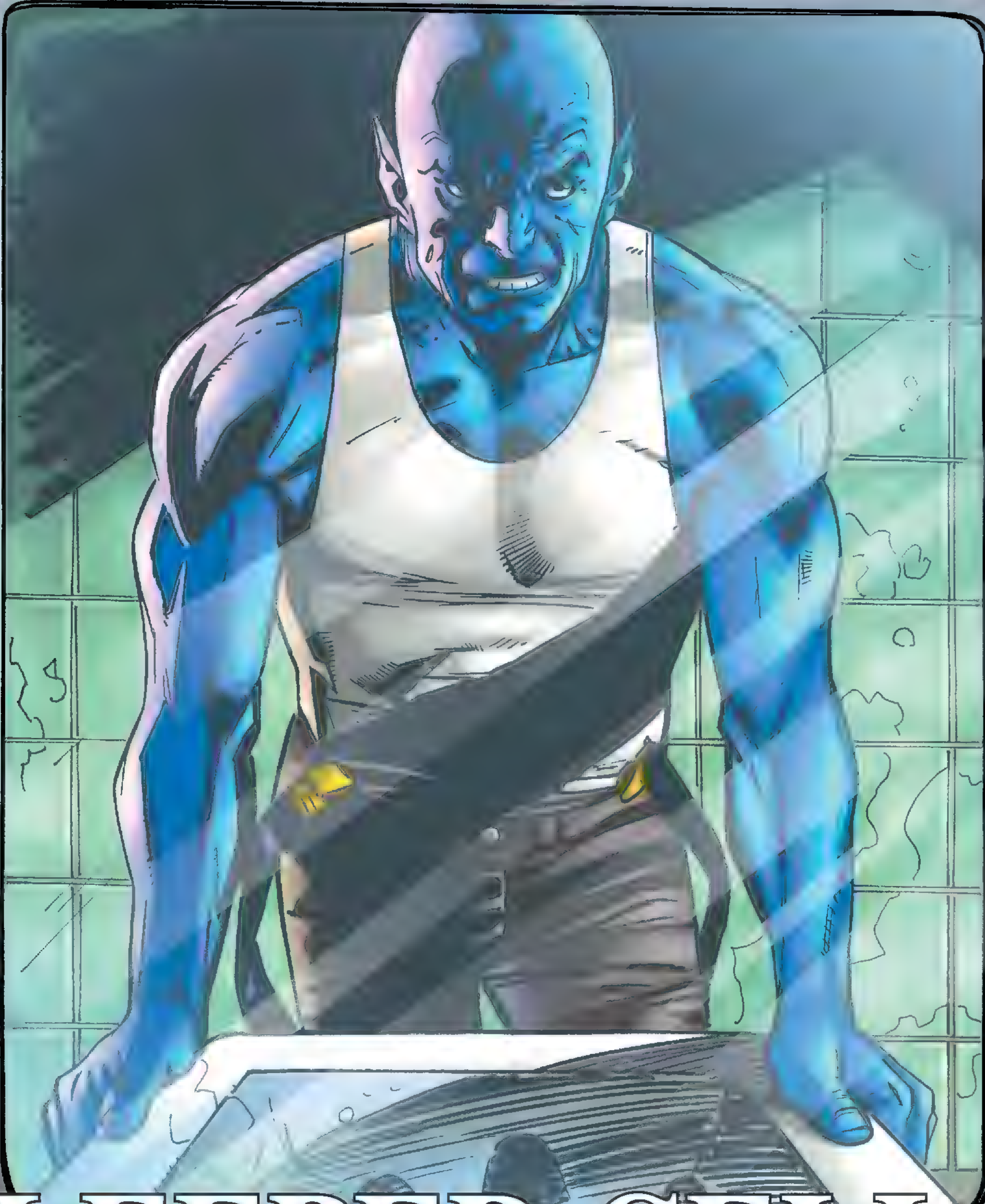


WHUP WHUP









# SLEEPER CELL

PART ONE

PAUL JENKINS	LEE WEEKS	ROB CAMPANELLA	SOTOCOLOR'S J. BROWN	VC'S RANDY GENTILE	CORY SEDLMEIER	TOM BREVOORT	JOE QUESADA	DAN BUCKLEY
WRITER	PENCILER	INKER	COLORIST	LETTERS	EDITOR	EXECUTIVE EDITOR	EDITOR IN CHIEF	PUBLISHER



Wilfred Owen enlisted in the Artists' Rifles on October 21, 1915, and was drafted to France in 1917, the worst winter of what came to be known as the Great War.

After only five weeks of combat experience, thoroughly shocked by the horrors of the battlefield, he was sent to Craiglockhart War Hospital near Edinburgh, suffering from Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder, or "shell shock."


In August 1918, after his friend and fellow war poet, Siegfried Sassoon, had been severely injured and sent back to England, Owen returned to the butchery that continued on the fields of France.

He died during a machine-gun attack, just seven days before the end of the war. His parents were informed of his death on Armistice Day.

The following poem by Owen is entitled "Futility"...







MEDIC!  
I NEED A  
MEDIC!

EVERYONE  
BACK! GET  
BACK!

HANG ON,  
JONESY, OLD  
CHAP. DOC'S  
COMING...

...OH, GOD...  
JUST HANG  
ON...

MOVE  
HIM INTO  
THE SUN!

I CAN'T SEE  
WHAT I'M DOING  
HERE! MOVE  
HIM INTO THE  
LIGHT!



GENTLY ITS TOUCH  
AWOKE HIM ONCE.

AT HOME, WHISPERING  
OF FIELDS UNSOWN.

ALWAYS IT WOKE HIM,  
EVEN IN FRANCE.

COME ON,  
DUDE...DON'T  
QUIT ON ME....

→HFFF←

TOM...





...ONE, ONE-THOUSAND... TWO, TWO-THOUSAND--

TOM! THERE'S NOTHING MORE YOU CAN DO FOR THIS POOR GUY.  
HE'S GONE.

UNTIL THIS MORNING.

AND THIS SNOW.

PAUL JENKINS WRITER	DAVID AJA ARTIST	JOSE VILLARRUBIA COLOR ART	VC'S RANDY GENTILE LETTERS	CORY SEDLMEIER EDITOR	TOM BREVOORT EXECUTIVE EDITOR	JOE QUESADA EDITOR IN CHIEF	DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER
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